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Pirate Crew

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Have you seen my Missus.

You've heard of my children two, seeking for each other?
My daughter left home first, soon followed by her brother.
But there never was so sad and wicked world as this:
My family are all mad, for now I've lost my missus.
Toora, loora-la! toora loo, &c.

I've studied well my dame, from the first time I did woo her
But never thought she'd roam, such a husband I've been to her
She's taken all the plate, but far worse than this,
I fear she's got a mate—now, have you seen my missus?
Toora loora, &c.

Since I saw her last, no one knows what I suffer:
Every one I ask calls me a poor old buffer,
If I could see her now I'd smother her with kisses,
I'm a wretched man I vow: now have you seen my missus?
Toora loora, &c.

She took my watch and purse, a case with ring and pin in,
And then to make it worse, pawned every bit of linen.
I could forgive her that, to enjoy the marriage blisses,
For I'm loosing all my fat, since I have lost my missus.
Toora loora, &c.

That wretched house of mine, I cannot bear to enter;
For there's the portrait fine, hanging in the centre,
I oft gaze at the head, and fancy nought amiss is,
Till I tumble into bed, It's then I miss my missus,
Toora loora, &c.

Wretched there I lie, 'till the morn is beaming,
And when I fall asleep, strange things I am a dreaming.
I wake quite full of qualms—a hard case you'll say this is
With a bolster in my arms, instead of having missus.
Toora loora, &c.



Pirate Crew.

O'er the wide world of waters we roam ever free,
Sea Kings, and rovers, bold pirates are we,
We own no dominion what matter we sail,
Light hearted and true in the loud roaring gale,
We love the blue waters as we ride o'er the billow,
The strong timber creeks, the mast shakes like a willow,
But fearless in danger we brave the mad foam,
Ever free on the deep the wide ocean our home.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Merry's the life of the bold pirate crew,
Dauntless and daring the deeds that we do!
Hurrah! the black banner is nailed to the mast,
Death to the foe as it waves in the blast.
"Crowd sail! a strange vessel is heaving in sight,
Shouts the pirate aloft, she is ours to night,
Now we dash through the foam bearing down on the prize
No quarter we give to the stranger that flies,
Clear the deck, ever brave are the pirates in battle,
The strong timber creeks, the loud cannons rattle,
Now we board her in triumph, and bear her away,
Three cheers for the prize as we bound o'er the spray."
Merry's the life, &c.

The Standard Bearer.

Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard lonely watch is keeping
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute and sings while all are sleeping
The lady of my love, I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken.
The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying,
While death and carnage onward still are borne
His song is heard, 'mid thousands round him dying.
The lady of my love, &c.

Stern death, now sated, quits the gory plain,
The life-blood from the warrior-bard is streaming,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervor beaming,
The lady of my love I will not name,
Although I wear her colours as a token;
I fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken.